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Lloyd and Underwood\* make the distinction between L. selago and L. lucidulum depend upon the fact that the former has hollow leaf bases while the latter does not. So far as I have been able to find out, all descriptions of L. selago say that it has hollow leaf bases while all are equally well agreed that no other Lycopodium has such a characteristic.

Therefore, since the Dundee specimen has hollow leaf bases, I have chosen to call it L. selago and shall continue to do so until convinced of my error.

In connection with the identification of this plant it may not be out of place to state that before it was published as *L. selago* live specimens were sent to three of the largest institutions in the United States and that all were uniformly too busy to venture an opinion as to its identity.

Marsilea Quadrifolia L. is "occasionally cultivated and found as a waif in Franklin Co."

Selaginella rupestris (L.) Spring. I have collected this in the gorge of Paint Creek in the extreme eastern edge of Highland County. It has also been collected in Licking, Fairfield, and Hocking counties.

Selaginella apus (L.) Spring occurs in Lake and Trumbull counties.

PEABODY HIGH SCHOOL, PITTSBURGH, PA.

# Outings for Onondaga moonwort and slender cliffbrake

#### H. E. RANSIER

It was toward the close of a busy day of botanizing in the fall of 1908, showing a visiting enthusiast and Fern Society member the wonders of the Scolopendrium

<sup>\*</sup> Bull. Torrey Club 27: 149. 1900.

Lake region, that we were hurrying toward the best station for the Onondaga moonwort fern, where our friend hoped to collect a few choice specimens. The usual route by sheep paths and wood roads was too round about to suit our inclinations, so we decided to attempt a short cut, directly up the face of a cliff.

It was hard climbing to the top of the talus, and the wall above was forbidding.

A favorable spot for scaling the top was found, and as we were wriggling over the topmost layers of limestone, my friend called attention to a fringe of dead fronds hanging for a long distance along under the topmost rocks, which overhung the crevice by a foot or so. It was unmistakably slender cliffbrake, and a very promising station for it, fully a mile from the only reported station near Green Pond.

The following season I was anxious to visit the station, and when I did so I approached from the top of the cliff. While the fern was located in abundance, that original place where it was first espied has to the present time eluded me. It grew in little banks, one frond overhanging another so thickly that nothing else was visible where it had a foothold. It was found for some distance along the face of the wall, which faces the northwest, and seemed even to be doing well on the sides of an old charred stump, which retained a foothold there.

One sultry afternoon later in 1909 another trip was made to visit the station. A kodak, a small tin collecting case, etc., were taken, and after spending some time at the moonwort station, I proceeded on over the bare, crumbling rock mass that forms the greater part of the top of the cliff, stopping only to enjoy the splendid view, which includes Manlius to the east and Fayetteville to the north, each but a couple of miles away. When I was about 100 feet above the surrounding country, a couple of small lakes were at my feet and the panorama

included plenty of woods and fields, and hilltops far away.

Turning to go on my way, I saw a tall figure coming toward me from the west along the top of the rocks. He was something over 6 feet tall, 25 or 30 years old, apparently, would weigh 190 lbs. and was dressed "roughing it." As we met in this wild, deserted, barren spot he greeted me with "Taking pictures?" "Nope," I replied, "haven't even put in a film yet; I'm botanizing." "So am I. My name is Benedict." "Ever have any correspondence with a fellow named Ransier?" Upon his replying that he had, I said "Well, I am Ransier!" It was a most unexpected meeting and we proceeded to make the most of it, comparing specimens, then repairing to a couple of stations for rarities, the moonwort, which he had never collected before, and the slender cliffbrake, both of which were within a very short distance of us. At first I was afraid to reveal the home of the moonwort to him, but I sized him up as safe to trust the secret to, and he has not disappointed me. course, we both wanted the floor at the same time occasionally, but he had an appointment in town, and it was soon "goodbye" and only a sight of him once since, but neither will ever forget the pleasure the day brought us.

Manlius, N. Y.

### Whittier's herbarium

#### HAROLD GODDARD RUGG

This last spring, in looking over an auction catalog of books to be sold in New York City, I spied a notice of an album of ferns formerly belonging to John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet. I was fortunate enough to secure the album, a description of which may be of some